

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

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No. 8

Alberta as a Grain Raising Province

The Remarkable Progress which it has Made Demonstrated by a Visit to the Provincial Seed Fair Held in Edmonton Last Week, and a Study of the Awards—The Certain Effect on Land Values

It is beginning to be a matter to speculate upon whether our Alberta grain is gaining or has gained in weight. The grain of 1909 has undoubtedly attained remarkable weights, and whether it was a peculiarity of the season or whether this will be sustained is certainly an interesting problem.

The Alberta Red, or, that is, the Turkey Red wheat brought to Spring Coulee in 1903, and from which most of our Alberta Red has been grown, weighed from 56 to 58 lbs. per bushel. Very soon an increase in weights was noticed, and when seed fairs commenced the weights began to register 61 on to 62½ and 63 lbs. per bushel. Then 64 and 65 lbs. were reached in 1907. The 1908 wheat went up to 67 and 67½ lbs. per bushel at the Provincial Seed Fair at Calgary.

At the Provincial Seed Fair at Edmonton in 1910 we find hard winter wheat going up to 68 lbs. per bushel, and one sample at the Lacombe seed fair registered 69½ lbs. per bushel, carefully weighed. At all the seed fairs the hard winter wheat has been scaling high throughout the province, going far higher than has heretofore been the case.

Not so long ago some of our prominent farmers in the southern part of the province were agitating for a reduction in weight, according to the grade as laid down in the Manitoba Grain Act, which calls for 62 lbs. per bushel as the weight of No. 1 Alberta Red. These farmers thought it was requiring too much of them to grow regularly 62 lb. wheat, but they failed to see that as a trade mark, if they could reach this weight, keep it or exceed it, the advertisement to the country would be great, and the value the wheat would hold in the eyes of the world would be greater. It is fortunate this dropping of weight was not carried out.

When the Grain Commission sat in January, 1906, the question of grading or obtaining a separate grade for our wheat was one of the chief topics in this province. We required two sets of grades, one for hard winter wheat, and one for soft winter wheat. Those with most enterprise in the matter chose 62 lbs for the standard weight of No. 1 Alberta Red, and 60 lbs. for No. 1 white winter wheat, and at these weights the grades were eventually fixed. Now that we see these weights are not only met in most districts, but exceeded, the fact cannot help but have a most important bearing on the future and will be a great impetus to land prices.

At the time the Grain Commission sat in this province an agitation was also carried on for a special grade for Alberta oats, and though the farmers of the south could not attain to the weights of those of the north in oats, they loyally upheld their brethren of the north in this matter, and the evidence as to wheat was left to the south to carry home to the authorities. The Dominion government dealt most satisfactorily with the wheat grades.

As evidence of the necessity or right of the farmers of Alberta to a special grade, in oats, weights per bushel were cited by the northern contingent of 45 and 46 lbs. per bushel. The southern men rather hesitated, but as this was vouched for by responsible men in the north, it went. Probably this grade of Alberta oats might have been granted, but it was suggested that if Manitoba was to name the spring wheat and Alberta the winter wheat and highest grade of oats, what did Saskatchewan get? Thus it was diplomatically dropped though the superiority of Alberta in certain lines was not denied.

Now we find our oats going as high as 50 lbs per bushel and 47, 48 and 49 etc., well sustained north of Calgary, with oats from further south going 43½ and 44.

The Manitoba Grain Act in regard to barley requires a weight of not less than 48 lbs. per bushel for No. 1 and 2; No. 3, 45 bushels; No. 4, 44

lbs. At the seed fair at Edmonton we find the six-rowed barley class winners were Midnapore, first, with barley 57 lbs. per bushel, Red Deer, second, with barley 57 lbs., and Lloydminster, third, with 57 lb. barley. In the two-rowed variety, Medicine Hat is first, with barley 57 lbs., Alix second with barley 58 lbs., and Magrath third with 54. It is a pity our flax was not weighed.

In spring wheat the required weight of No. 1 is 60 lbs per bushel. At the Provincial Seed Fair we find Red Fyfe, 1st prize, 63¼ lbs. per bushel, grown at Coaldale; second, Macleod, with 63¼ lbs. per bushel; third, Mannville, with 65¼; fourth, Queenstown, 65¼; 5th, Mannville, 65¼.

When we come to spring wheat, any other variety we find Preston at Lloydminster going 66 and 67 lbs. per bushel; white Fyfe at Gladys, 65¼, and Preston at Sedgewick 66.

This is a matter to create more than a passing notice, for we do not know of any place in the world, outside of Scotland, where the weights in oats can be reached, and yet, without verifying this, we think Alberta beats Scotland in the weight of oats per bushel. The weights of the oats and barley are also very striking.

The question we may ask ourselves is whether this increased weight per bushel of seed grain grown in Alberta when imported into the province, is owing to the improved soil and climatic conditions entirely? Or is it partly because of these latter qualities and partly because of better cultivation and seed selection? Of these last, two are very important factors, but we must remember that the seed grain brought in has also been carefully grown and cultivated so we may safely say that the remarkable weights our grain attains to, are largely owing to peculiarities of Alberta soil and climate, and that seed selection and good cultivation help on the work immensely.

One very important factor to notice is that the increased weight per bushel also adds to the increased yield per acre, as grain is sold on its

grade at fixed weights per bushel, so that if a farmer has forty bushels of wheat per acre, by measure, and it weighs 65 lbs. per bushel, instead of 60 lbs., as the grade requires, he has 43 1-3 bushels per acre by weight.

This sort of increase multiplied as the country develops means a great deal to future values.

E. N. B.

A Photograph with a History



When Miss Dorothy Hesler, a young lady whose home is in Evanston, Illinois, was paying a visit to Boston recently, a naval officer, Dr. E. S. Cowles, is said to have stolen a photograph of her which is reproduced above. His action, it seems, created considerable stir in what is known as "the naval set" of that city. Shortly afterwards, on going to a dance, he was accosted by two other naval officers, Paymaster George Auld, and Dr. A. H. Robnett, and told to leave the hall. They used what he describes as very violent and ungentlemanly language to him. The upshot of the affair was that he laid complaint with the naval authorities and Auld and Robnett have been under trial by court martial. To the proceedings before that body American newspapers have devoted a column after column within the past two weeks and the issue is being awaited with as much interest as if the destiny of the nation was depending upon it. The Chicago Tribune had a full page devoted to the trial the other day. In the meantime Miss Hesler is said to be very much embarrassed over being elevated through no action of her own into a figure of national prominence.



DANIEL JOHNSON DRISCOLL,
Son of Joseph Driscoll, Edmonton, and the latest recruit of the Irish Canadian Amateur Athletic Association.

ing such an infinitesimal amount our lack of interest can only be described as criminal.

Mr. Sifton, in drawing attention to the handling of our minerals, made a note of the fact that the sole effort that has been made in regard to our minerals has been the exploitation thereof.

At the Opening

I am but just returned from the opening of the Second Legislature of the Province of Alberta. Everything was much the same as usual. Some little crowd of camera fiends; some small groups of interested spectators; some glorious old sunshine overhead, and indoors the same animated whisperings as the Government House party arrived, and the wives of the various Cabinet Ministers and the private members took their seats. The real interest of the occasion is the social aspect, of course. One rarely turns a thought member-wards. Then, of course, people like wearing their best bills and tuckers, and an Opening always affords them the opportunity.

Thursday Mrs. Bulyea was very beautifully gowned, wearing a lovely soft shade of palest blue crepe de chine Duchesse satin, with an almost invisible stripe, with an embroidery over-skirt coming to a point of heavily-embroidered net. The bodice was a work of art, having a yoke of silver gauze, elbow sleeves with the embroidered net again suggested, and some very handsome jewelled bugle applique on the corsage, while daisy rosettes of softest satin were caught here and there with telling effect. With these was worn a very modish hat of mirror brown velvet, wreathed with willow-plumes shading into a golden fawn, and a rich carriage wrap of oyster broadened satin with cascades of lace and a deep ermine collar. Mrs. Constantine accompanied Mrs. Bulyea and looked very striking in a rich black toilette with a smart black velvet chapeau with some fine plumes and some very handsome silver fox furs. Seated also on the floor of the house were the Cabinet Ministers' wives. Mrs. Cross, wife of the Attorney-General, as always, exquisitely gowned, her dress being of some soft material in a shade of cinnamon brown, made princesse fashion, elaborately soutache, and with a yoke of cream lace. A jaunty little round turban of black fox caught with a white aigrette and a jewelled ornament, completed this charming costume.

Mrs. Cushing wife of the Minister of Public Works, sat next, and looked very sweet and dignified in a gown of lovely mauve, with a black velvet picture hat.

Behind her was Mrs. Marshall, wife of the newly-appointed Minister of Agriculture, wearing an elaborate gown of pink satin with a green velvet hat trimmed with pink and a spray of green flowers and foliage.

Madame Lessard, wife of the new Minister Without Portfolio, was quietly but most becoming dressed in brown taffeta, with a black and white chapeau. Among the member's wives I noticed Mrs. McKenney in a rich mauve toilette with hat en suite; Mrs. Frank Walker, in a trig grey-striped tailored gown and handsome black hat; Madame Cote, in a stunning frock of pale blue foulard, trimmed with touches of black, and a stunning grey hat with black wings and jet ornaments; Mrs. Shaw, of Stettler; Mrs. Boudreau, of St. Albert, and a number more as yet unknown to me.

In the side seats were many well-known people. Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Riley, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McLeod, and their striking-looking English visitor; Mrs. Westhead, of Alix, smartly gowned; Mrs. Richard Secord, Mrs. Haight, Prof. and Mrs. Broadus, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McQueen, Miss Forsythe, Miss Hughes, Miss Seton Thompson, Mr. Percy Sygne, and Dr. and Mrs. Grey.

Mr. Fisher, the Speaker, tells me Mrs. Fisher will not come up to the Capital this session, and Mrs. Buchanan, the wife of the new Minister of Municipalities will be another absentee.

I missed Mrs. Rutherford from her accustomed seat on the floor of the House, and imagine she is still in too delicate health to stand any excitement.

The Lieutenant-Governor wears his gold-lace and his smart cocked hat more bravely every year and had as Guard of Honor, Colonel Belcher, Major Thibadeau, and Captain Marriott, of Strathcona. Mr. Babbitt escorted the ladies from Government House.

A new face, and a clever one, a face with unlimited light in it, and eyes with a brilliant snap to them is seated in the Opposition camp.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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THE SEA-BORN.

Oh, my Heart!
To see before I die
The black clouds gather
Like midnight in the sky;
And watch the sea rein back
Her quivering, white-manned pack
That instant ere she flings them
Free
To thunder down the track.

Oy, my Heart!
To feel again the warm
Revolving within us
The last wind swinging,
The stinging whips of rain;
To feel upon my face
The sharp, salt spray, and chase
The flying foam the combers fling
Like oyst-clouds in their race.

Oh, my Heart!
To feel again the warm
Revolving within us
The last wind swinging,
The stinging whips of rain;
To feel upon my face
The sharp, salt spray, and chase
The flying foam the combers fling
Like oyst-clouds in their race.

I have been sitting reading (when
the telephone has given me a chance)
this morning in the little untidy room
I love at the back of the house, the
only living thing near me, a big, roar-
ing grate fire that has kept me pleas-
ant company, sputtering and crackling,
in quite impish fashion, about far-away
wooden and hopes turned to ashes, and
other things I wish not of. But I have
had matter enough to interest me in
the story in hand, which, by the way,
is a very opportune one on the eve
of the opening of Parliament in our
midst, for it concerns the recollections
for fifty years back of a great London
hostess, in whose famous salon the
statesmen, poets and men noted in ev-
ery walk of life, in the past half-centu-
ry, were familiar figures. I refer to
Lady St. Heller, better known as Lady
Jeune.

At the time that Lady St. Heller first
made her appearance in London, the
rules and regulations governing the
social set were very sharply drawn.
Society entertained only Society; no
black sheep who didn't bear the So-
ciety brand, he they possessed of what
brain or charm they would, were per-
mitted to enter the fold. A ridiculous
exclusiveness was rampant.

Lady Waldegrave, to be sure, just
prior to the appearance of Lady St.
Heller on the scene, had had the cour-
age to institute the beginning of a bet-
ter order of things, but it remained for
her successor to finally break down the
cast-iron bars of prejudice, letting into
the charmed circle of England's Four
Hundred the wit and intelligence and
brains that had long been denied an
entrance. It was at this time that the
heroine of our sketch set about es-
tablishing a "salon" that has come
down in the history of the last fifty
years as the most famous of its period.

If today London Society numbers
among its members journalists, schol-

ars, artists, actors, men of culture in
every walk of life, it is because this
woman had the pluck and the original-
ity to open her doors to admit them.
Just how much courage it required to
take such action, may be conjectured
when I tell you that at this period,
actors were often denied board and
lodging in the public houses, while men
of letters were as rigorously excluded
from the drawing rooms of the aristoc-
racy as if they had been infected with
the plague.

Byron and Tom Moore were the first
to break in, and a mighty commotion
they made of it. Charles Dickens never
had any ambitions that way, but pre-
ferred surrounding "himself" with a
society of his own class, men of let-
ters, artists, journalists, actors and the
like, who found in the delightful hospi-
tality of his home such compensation
as made them indifferent to any sup-
posedly-higher social aspirations.

Delane, the editor of "The Times,"
was perhaps the one exception who was
"cultivated," not "tolerated." Not a
man-jack among the politicians, wheth-
er peer or commoner, but angled for his
favor, but courted him, and strove to
flatter him with their attentions. So-
ciety hostesses importuned him with in-
vitations, drawing rooms yawned for
him. For this man made careers and
held parties together; frowned, and a
man's head flew off. The power, the
great and wonderful power of the
press, victorious over prejudice and
pride, in those days, as it has been
since, and probably will be as long as
the world continues.

But what about the lady who had
the courage of her convictions, who set
up a new standard for society to
pattern itself by? Was she very beau-
tiful, very wise? Wherein lay the
secret of her leadership?

The answer to the riddle is a simple
one. Lady St. Heller was a woman
of universal sympathies, her interests
embraced all sides of life. She could
be the great lady ruling her drawing
room one instant, and the next mo-
ment the friend of some poor fellow
in the East end of London. Her tact
and her goodness of heart were prover-
bial. The last I should mention first,
for it gave her the power of under-
standing people so different as those
who gathered within her hospitable
doors. And again she was a law unto
herself. No silly rules and regulations
were allowed to interfere with her
when it came to deciding any course
of action. I doubt if she bothered a two-
penny bit about "what people would
say, think, or do." She was too big a
woman to fear, too good a woman for
Society to dare natter at. She never
waited to sound public opinion before
embarking on a plan, she simply acted
as her fine heart dictated, and was
the most sought-after hostess of her
day.

And what a diversity of friends she
had! Gladstone, Dr. Foster, Parnell,
the Carlyles, General Boulanger, Gen-
eral Gordon, Mrs. Norton, George
Meredith.

Some of these people weren't on
speaking terms, but they met as friends

under her roof. And she deliberately
asked them together on more than one
occasion, with sometimes very laugh-
able results.

I see no reference to her seeking
distractedly in Burke's Peerage for
"Who's Who." There is no mention
of her wasting time wondering whether
Mr. Carlyle had "asked her to her
last party or no," no paragraph telling
as to whether she kept a careful record
of who "had called last, she or Mrs.
Blank." In fact, my gentle readers,
she was a charming original woman
who depended on no one's fear or
favor.

I would like to see in Edmonton
some drawing rooms that took hers for
pattern. Miniature salons where brains
and charm would rule, where vulgar-
ity and provincial "side" would be
treated with the contempt that is their
due, and where the hostess would not
have to puzzle her brain to decide what
her guests should "do," play cards or
dance, but conversation, the art of it
I mean, would once more come into
its own.

PEGGY.

A MEMORY OF CHILDHOOD

How oft do I recall the scenes of
childhood's happy days,
The days so full of joy and free
from care;

The old well and the orchard, the gray
horse and the bays,
The red-roofed house and father's
old armchair;
The fields of waving clover—I seem to
see them yet,
When thinking of the days down on
the farm.

But in my memory linger some things
I can't forget—
The signs the fellows painted on the
barn.

There's some one's sarsaparilla; here's
some one's liver pills—
The very things in spring you al-
ways need—

Were painted in large letters, from
roof down to the sills.
So every one who ran that way
might read;
Some famous doctor's tonic; a pellet
for the tongue:

A porous plaster which sometimes
you'd "darn"—
These are a few examples of praises
which were sung
In signs the fellows painted on the
barn.

I think I have forgotten just how to
milk a cow,
And just how many oats to give a
mare;
I do not just remember the way to
kill a sow,
Or just how much the chickens
brought a pair,

I know I have forgotten the little
girl in gray,
Who used to make me tangle up her
yarn:

But in my mind there lingers a mem-
ory which will stay—
The signs the fellows painted on the
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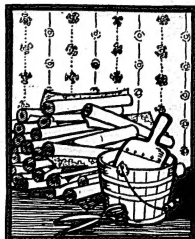
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A. W. KAGER



THE LOUNGER

The visitors to Camrose the other day were talking on the way home about what a fine little town it was.

One thing that caught their eye particularly was the Canadian Club building.

"Some of these organizations weren't worth the time that you put on them," exclaimed one of the group gathered in the corner of the car, "but a Canadian Club's all right for mine."

Just at that moment the car, porter passed down the aisle.

"I am sorry," he said most politely to the man who had just spoken, "but I'm afraid we're out of Canadian Club. Wouldn't some Scotch whiskey do as well?"

Whether it did or not may be left to the imagination.

"Are we going to hell?" is the startling heading over the leading article in the Lethbridge News. Surely not, with Lethbridge booming and the circulation figures going up every week.

This is a true story, at least so the proud papa of the boy in question avers. In an Edmonton public school the pupils were having their arithmetic lesson.

"If you had your choice, which would you take, five pints or one gallon of milk?" asked the teacher of the pupils. Most of them replied in favor of the gallon proposition. But Bobby insisted on stating his preference for the pints. "Why, Bobby," said the teacher, "can't you see you would get less milk?" "I know," came the reply right off the bat, "but I don't like milk."

This conversation is reported to have taken place between another sweet child and his father.

Sweet Child: "Say, pa, you must be a pretty strong man!"

Pa: "Fairly so, my dear. Why?"

Sweet Child: "Cause uncle said when he went out with you the other night you carried the biggest load of any man he ever saw without showing it!"

A special cable from London to the New York Times reads:

"An innovation which has caused some surprise was the request conveyed to the gentlemen invited to meet the King on Sunday evening at Lady Paget's to wear evening trousers instead of the black satin breeches and black silk stockings which have always been the rule when dining in the company of the sovereign. King Edward also wore trousers, but the reason of the innovation is unknown. Lady Paget and Mrs. George Keppel were the two ladies who played bridge at the King's table."

This will be good news to some Edmontonians I know who have been worrying a good deal about the necessity of conforming to the old custom when called on to dine with His Majesty. These correspondents of the New York papers can be of use at times. But why weren't we told what points they played for at the King's table and who had the luck?

There are few Torontonians quicker at the art of retort than Mr. T. C. Irving, well-known in the West. Among business men the sayings of Mr. Irving are treasured and repeated, and every week some new saying of his is recorded. Not long ago he was introduced to a pompous visitor from abroad named Bull, so we are told by Toronto Saturday Night.

"Irving, Irving," said this individual after the preliminaries of acquaintance had been disposed of: "are you related to the Irvings of So-and-so?" Not then perhaps you are connected with the Irvings of Thus-and-thus?"

"No," said Mr. Irving, "and by the way, are you related to the Bulls of Bashan?"

A recent interview with a New York broker contains a warning to real estate agents.

"There's always trouble ahead for the broker: who's foolish enough to take a married woman's money without her husband knowing what she's up to?"

philosophized this broker as a pretty woman left his office. "Just so sure as a broker does such a thing one of two evils will overtake him. Women are proverbially bad losers, so if the thing went down this woman would have cried, and have gone to her husband and told him I was a fraud, and he would come and give me his opinion of a broker who'd take an inexperienced woman's money without the knowledge of her husband."

"On the other hand if I had made money for her she'd lose her head at her success and keep coming in here or writing or telephoning until husband found it out, and then I'd stand a fair chance of getting sued for alienating his wife's affections."

"I keep on the safe side and make it a rule not to invest a wife's money without her husband's knowledge."

Some time ago Mr. Balfour was travelling in the north of Britain when his train had a long wait at a wayside station. The ex-Premier got out and walked up and down the platform with a friend.

"Isn't this place invigorating?" he said to his companion.

"Na, sir," said a porter standing by, "this is livery."

"Take off your hat!"

Rude men behind her cried, And she (just think of it) complied: But they were still unsatisfied, And yelled with their mouths opened wide.

"Take off your hat!"

English as She is Pronounced

(Brander de Rennes, in the Sunday Magazine.)

I am an American and speak English after the American manner, and have a way of pronouncing words as they are spelled. I thought that the English way until I spent a summer in England, and then I knew better.

The English poke a lot of fun at us for our pronunciation; but I wonder what they would say if we cut up such gymnastics with the language as they do. But whatever they might say they would be justified. What I have to say about the English freaks of pronunciation I won't say here; I will merely give some of the examples I discovered in a single English summer, and then let the gentle reader say the things for me.

The worst of it was that I had never suspected that such idiosyncrasies in pronunciation existed and I fell into a good many pitfalls before I got out of the country, and got a good many shocks from first to last.

I got two bad ones at the start. I had just arrived in London in a perfectly beautiful state of American freshness and veridancy. Everything was wonderful to me, and I was as happy as the innocent oysters that walked with the walrus and the carpenter of eternal fame; but, like those same bivalves, I had a rude awakening.

The First Jolt

I had a little business to do along with my pleasure, and an American friend in London gave me a letter to an English business man. I say a friend; but he was not at all a friend, else he would have pronounced the Englishman's name for me; but the truth of the matter is that he wanted me to get caught. He'd been caught himself, and he wanted to let another swimmer.

The Englishman's name was Colclough. I pronounced it as it is spelled when I addressed Mr. Colclough, and he blandly said: "Pronounced Cokely, if you don't mind." Of course I didn't mind in the least; but I was awfully shocked.

Mr. Cokely was a good sort in spite of his name, and he gave me several business cards, but without pronouncing the names on them. I took them unsuspiciously, never dreaming that there were any more freaks at pronunciation, and thinking Cokely only a coincidence. I found out soon after, however, that it was a habit and not a coincidence.

One of the cards read Messrs. Harne & Harne. I pronounced it Harne, giving each letter its due; but I was up against shock number two when the clerk superciliously pronounced it Haron.

I was beginning to wake up then. I looked at the other cards carefully, and they seemed very innocent. One read Hayhurst & Hough, and the other Ralph & St. John. They were dead easy. There could not be anything to twist about in them; they had a good American appearance. No pitfalls there! So I sailed in on the first one and when it came back to me Hurst & Huff, it was a worse shock than the first. I got fresh and just low-down American then, and said, "What's the matter with the Hay?" and the fellow, who attached an R to all his A's said, "I beg your pardon?" And then I remembered that one must not expect a sense of humor to appear in England, and I said blithely, "Oh, nothing, nothing," and he looked a little dazed and amazed and set me



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down as one more of those crazy Americans.

I was getting timid by this time; so when it came to speaking Ralph & St. John out loud I trembled a little. Of course there was only one possible way to pronounce the two names that I could think of; but still I was not quite sure, so I shirked my duty and just merely asked "if these gentlemen are in."

The boy in buttons and no chin said Mr. 'Rafe' was out but Mr. 'Sinjun' was in. So I saw Mr. 'Sinjun'; but I could hardly speak, I was so dazed.

After that it got to be a sort of still hunt with me. I ran down every queer name I could find and set it down in a little black book just to show slow-going Americans at home what was doing in the language. It is an incredible list. Some of the twistings are so grotesque that my good Yankee friends won't believe me when I pronounce them. It's like learning English all over again.

I met a lovely woman who was introduced to me as Mr. Bewly, and I lost my heart to her; but that's another story. I found out afterwards with another terrible shock that she spelled herself Beaulieu. I said "How can you do such things?" and she never knew what I meant. But, Bewly, or Beaulieu, she was adorable.

I played golf with a fine chap at St. Andrews, and never knew for a week that he had one of those freak names. I called him Claverie and—almost—spelled him Claverie; but he did the trick as Claverhouse.

A Mr. Bly turned out really according to his card to be a Mr. Blythe, and Mr. Cunsbro came out very handsomely on paper as Combsborough.

It seems that the average American

knows all about the eccentricities of such well-known names as Cholmondeley and Belvoir and Buechelung and Mainwaring and Marjoribanks and Madeline; but I didn't. I pronounced them as they are spelled and was duly astonished when they were translated for me thus: Chamley, Beevor, Manring, Marshbanks, and Mawdlin.

I bought some golf clubs of a man

(Continued on Page Seven.)

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Lent settling down upon us before the session has even opened augurs ill for any very strenuous social festivities during the sojourn of the members and their wives at the Capital.

It is rather a pity this, because we really do know how to give our visitors a good time, and a Lenten season, under the most favorable circumstances, can't be a very exciting experience for even the most isolated member's wife.

I am sure if I ever had the fortune or misfortune to be the Better Half of an M.P. or M.L.A. (have it which way you will), I should expect a perfect whirl of a time when I went up to town. They couldn't give parties fast enough for me. How else, unless one put in one's time in reading, should one drag out the monotonous days while His Lordship attended to his duties at the House?

Marking time in a hotel bedroom while Tom or Bill speak up for the good of their constituency, may sound a rather attractive prospect, when He first suggests the idea, but I notice fewer and fewer wives accompanying their husbands to the Capital. However, the present sitting of Parliament is expected to be a short one. Perhaps if the tea-parties are extra specially nice ones we shall still be able to work up a little interest, but it is a pity that things have come as they have.

Mrs. Harold Riley has issued cards of invitation for an "At Home" on Thursday, February 17th.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall, wife of the newly-appointed Minister of Agriculture, is holding a large reception on Friday afternoon, February 17th.

Mrs. D. L. Scott was the hostess of another very enjoyable Five O'Clock on Tuesday afternoon, when the same fine hospitality which distinguishes everything, Mrs. Scott does in the way of entertaining, made the hour over the teacups pass only too quickly by many of the guests lingering for a little intimate chat at the end. Hosts of lovely flowers disposed about the cosy rooms breathed a message of spring and sweet fragrances, the tea-table having a queerly array of exquisite crimson roses, equally lovely to smell or look at.

Mrs. Scott, gowned quietly, but most becomingly in black, was assisted in her pleasant duties by her daughter, Miss Bessy Scott, who wore a very pretty frock of pale green and white striped silk, with dainty applique embroidery. Mrs. Braithwaite also was in the drawing-room helping to look after the guests, while Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Lane presided over the tea and coffee. Mrs. J. H. Morris served the ices, and Miss Tilley, Miss McFarlane and Miss Lisle Scott assisted.

Among those present I noticed Madame Thibaudon, who arrived back from her visit east on Saturday, and is looking very well indeed; Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Ponton, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. O'Kelly, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Nicols' sister who is at present visiting her; Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Kinnaid, Miss Webster, Miss Forsythe and Miss Mackie.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines are receiving shoals of congratulations on the birth of a fine little son and heir, who arrived on Tuesday. Both mother and baby are reported as excessively well and happy at the time of writing.

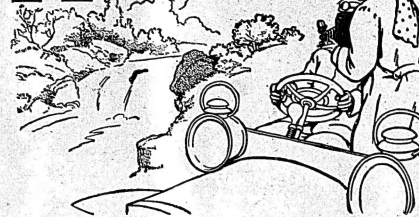
Unfortunately owing to the lateness of the events, I shall not be able to report the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulvey's reception, which takes place this (Thursday) evening until next week's issue.

The fortnightly tea of the Edmonton Ladies' Curling Club, which should have taken place this Thursday, has been postponed until Friday, February 17th, when the regular match will take place. Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Mrs. Swaisland being the tea-hostesses.

Mr. Larry Manuel has severed his connection with the Canada Permanent Loan and has gone to Wolf Creek to take a position, I believe, in connection with some coal mine. In Edmonton he leaves a host of friends who have watched him grow up, have liked him, and who will be keenly interested in his future. As for the girls! will it comfort him to know that many Lucys will mourn their good-looking curate?

Mrs. C. W. Cross is giving a large luncheon on Saturday in honor of the wives of the members.

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Mrs. Horace Harvey gave a tiny tea on Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Rickards of Calgary.

Mrs. Bourcheier was also the hostess of a most enjoyable little party on Monday afternoon, in honor also of Mrs. Rickards, when about twenty guests had the pleasure of meeting her.

Mrs. C. W. Cross was the hostess of a very smart dance on Tuesday night, at her handsome residence on Hardisty avenue.

Tuesday saw another merry dance in progress, the Misses Dickey having a delightful party at their pretty home on Twenty-first street; when about forty young people tripped the light fantastic, to the captivating strains of Mr. Silas' irresistible music. I hear that everyone looked lovely, as young girls should, and that the floor and other arrangements were perfect.

Mrs. Dickey received her daughter's guests looking very handsome in a rich black gown, while the three graceful pretty sisters, Miss Mary, in pale blue mull and lace, Miss Connie in black chiffon, and Miss Dorothy in dainty pink silk mull with black velvet ribbon garniture, were an exceptionally attractive trio of hostesses. Wednesday morning found Cinderella's slippers, if not among penitential ashes at least hidden away for a forty-day rest. From now on for a space one may expect tea-drinking to be the extent of one's social distractions.

Friends will regret to learn that Mrs. Duncan Stuart is ill in the hospital and will accordingly not receive next week. It is the intention of Major and Mrs. Stuart to remove to Calgary shortly to make their home.

Madame E. E. Delavault, wife of the consular agent for France, will receive for the first time since her return from Paris, at her home, 549 Sixth street on Monday, the 14th inst, from four to six and afterwards on the second Tuesday of the month.

Mrs. S. E. Bolton, 818 Fifth street, will not receive this month.

The Ottawa correspondent of Toronto Saturday Night sends the following in regard to the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Davies, who will arrive in Edmonton soon to make their home:

"On Tuesday afternoon at St. Joseph's Church, another interesting and very pretty wedding was solemnized, the bride being Miss Aimee Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Haycock, and the groom, Mr. Thomas Atwood Davies, only son of Sir Louis and Lady Davies. The Rev. Father Murphy, parish priest, officiated. The dainty bride is one of the most popular girls in Ottawa's Four Hundred, and all her companions regret that her marriage is taking her to the Northwest, where Mr. Davies is now living. The Minto Skating Club also will miss her very much as she was one of its most graceful and most adept members. The bridal party entered the church to the well-known strains of the Wedding March, the groom and his best man, Mr. Ormond Haycock, being already in their places at the altar. Mr. Paddy Baskerville, Mr. Pat Edwards and Mr. Frank McGee were the ushers, and came first in the bridal procession, followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Kitty and Miss Oswald Haycock; then came the maid of honor, Miss Josephine Haycock, and last came the lovely bride: still in her father. Her wedding gown was of white liberty satin, with panels and trimmings of lovely Irish lace. The long and gracefully draped tails were held in place by a very artistic little cap of pearls, and a shower bouquet of lilies and narcissi completed a most becoming and charming bridal toilette. The only ornament worn was a very handsome ring

of sapphires and diamonds given her by the groom as a memento of the happy day. The maid of honor was in pale pink. Miss Davies wore pale green; Miss Kitty Haycock, pale mauve and Miss Oswald was in pale blue; all the gowns being of chiffon mounted on silk and beautifully trimmed with Limerick lace, and each having touches of ribbons a shade darker than the gown. Their hats, tri-corn in shape, were of black velvet with roses to match the gowns, and they carried bouquets of fuchsia and ferns. The groom presented each attendant maid with a pretty shepherdess pendant and to the ushers and best man the bride gave silver cigarette cases. A reception at Mr. Haycock's residence in Russell avenue followed and after hearty congratulations were received the bride ran away to don her travelling attire, which was of pale grey serge, with long coat opening over a dainty grey chiffon blouse. She wore a tri-corn hat of black velvet with black lynx trimming and a long pony coat bordered with lynx, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Davies will spend the honeymoon in Bermuda and will return to Ottawa for a few days before leaving for their home in Edmonton.

—PEGGY.

You can rent Kipling's "Actions and Re-actions" at Little's Library.



GOVERNMENT
OF THE PROVINCE
OF ALBERTA

Notice to Steam
Engineers

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an examination by David Fraser, Strathcona, a duly appointed Inspector of Steam Boilers, for the Province of Alberta, at

Edmonton, Feb. 21st, Houston's Hall.

Morinville, Feb. 23rd, Hotel.

Stony Plain, Feb. 25th, Bismarck Hotel.

Fort Saskatchewan, Feb. 28, Queen's Hotel.

Strathcona, March 26th, Orange Hall.

at 9 o'clock a.m. for the purpose of giving engineers and apprentices an opportunity of qualifying for certificates under the provisions of the Steam Boilers Act, 1906.

Application Forms may be obtained on application to the department or to the above-named Inspector, and must be properly filled out, witnessed, and declared to before a Commissioner or Justice of the Peace, before an examination can be granted.

JOHN STOCKS,
Deputy Minister.
Department of Public Works,
Edmonton, Alta.

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Home and Society Calgary.

Mrs. Short, of Edmonton, has been the guest of Mrs. Jas. Short.

Mrs. T. Fred English gave a "five o'clock on Saturday afternoon."

The O.U.R. Club met at Mrs. Bond's, 915 Eighteenth avenue west, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Varney, 308 Fifth avenue west, entertained the Whist Club on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Medicine Hat, have been guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Publow.

Mrs. Reginald Stewart left on Monday for Victoria, to be absent two months.

Many from here attended the Bach-
elors' Ball in High River on Monday.

Mrs. Ralph E. Larabee, 1612 Second street west, received for the first time since her marriage on Thursday, February 10th, from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Robertson and the Misses Robertson of High River spent a few days here the guests of Mrs. R. A. Brocklebank.

E. Hart Nichols returned this week from a trip in the east. Mrs. Nichols is still in Toronto as a guest of her mother.

Mrs. H. G. H. Glass, Thirteenth avenue, will receive again on the first Friday in March.

Mrs. F. Whitaker, Mount Royal, received Friday, February 11th, and in the future will receive every second Friday.

Mrs. A. M. Lucas and daughter Catherine, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, 121 Seventeenth avenue west, have returned to the north.

Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Rouleau, Mrs. Malboit, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Costigan and Mrs. Jephson were a few of those who enjoyed a delightful afternoon at "500" on Wednesday at the home of their ever-kind hostess, Madame Talbot, who looked lovely in a cream silk gown with rich lace trimmings. Mrs. Mewburn and Mrs. Sisley presided in the tea-room over the table centred with a bouquet of roses of more than ordinary beauty and fragrance. Crimson satin

ribbon streamers and trailing vines of Alabama smilax gave a pretty finish to the perfect appointments in the tea-room. The prize winners in the lively game were Mrs. Mewburn and Mrs. Helliwell.

Mrs. (Dr.) Mason entertained at a party Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. (Dr.) Macdougall of Port Arthur. Mrs. Mason was prettily gowned in a handsome black costume, and the guest of honor wore a blue silk costume with chapeau of the same shade. At the conclusion of the game it was found that Mrs. Jephson, Mrs. Helliwell and Mrs. Sanson had won the laurels, and were presented with the pretty prizes. Dainty refreshments were served from a table beautifully arranged with pink carnation as a centre; and presided over by Mrs. O'Sullivan, who received the kindest assistance from Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Sisley and Miss McCullough. A few of the invited guests were: Mrs. (Dr.) Macdougall, Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Duffus, Mrs. H. Mewburn, Mrs. Short (Edmonton), and many others.

Mrs. Van Wart entertained at a dance this week in honor of Miss Gillespie, of Brandon. Mrs. Van Wart welcomed the guests in her usual charming manner and wore a pretty cream lace over taffeta. Miss Gillespie was very attractive in a similar costume. Mrs. Grogan, handsome in black satin, with spring violets, and Mrs. Wrigley, in a lovely pale blue satin, did the honors in the refreshment room. Pretty tulips and fragrant narcissus, with their setting of greenery, made an exquisite decoration for the palatial home. A few of the guests were: Mrs. Green in pink satin; Miss Lowes in yellow satin; Mrs. Brodie in pale blue silk; Mrs. Muckleston, black lace over taffeta; Miss N. Jaga, pale blue silk; Miss Findlay, cream silk; Miss Sparrow, pale blue silk; Miss Lilly, cream silk; Miss Mergens, in black silk; Miss Bertinshaw, old rose ninon de soie, and many others.

Among the "very social" evenings this week was a "Bridge" given by Mrs. (Dr.) Smith, on Monday. The hostess looked dignified and charming in a black satin gown with garniture of lovely silk lace. The pretty trophies were won by Mrs. Stratton and Mr. Teller, and Mr. J. J. Young. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. Lilly, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Young, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Turner-Bone, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Braden, Miss Miller, Miss Lilly and Miss Young, Mr. Teller, Mr. Morris, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Johnston. Mrs. Bates wore a black net gown over taffeta; Mrs. Lilly a lovely black sequin over silk; Mrs. Helliwell, exquisite net lace over pink silk; Mrs. Hamilton, rich cream crepe de chine with pretty lace; Mrs. Turner-Bone, cream silk over taffeta; Mrs. Stratton, cream ninon de soie, with garniture of pink; Mrs. Woods, handsome flowered chiffon with touches of black and old rose; Miss Miller, lovely Wistaria cloth with fancy braidings; Miss Braden, rich green costume with touches of white; Miss Lilly, pretty pink net over taffeta.

Mrs. John J. Young entertained delightfully on Saturday afternoon at a jolly "500." Pretty pale pink carnations gave added cheer to the lovely home and a few hours passed pleasantly in the fascination of the game, when it was found that Mrs. Mason had been the fortunate winner of the first prize, Mrs. R. Jamieson the second and Mrs. Grogan the consolation. A very dainty luncheon was served by Miss Young, Miss Ings and Miss Findlay, while Mrs. Lisle ably presided at the table. Among the guests were: Mrs. (Capt.) Deane, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. L. T. Mewburn, Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. (Dr.) Sanson, Mrs. (Dr.) Mason, Mrs. Mapson, Mrs. Darker, Mrs. (Dr.) Pope, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. R. Jamieson, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Wrigley, Mrs. Markley, Miss Burns, Mrs. Hutton and Miss Baile.

The opening of the new hospital was a very successful function of the week, and so much of the credit is due the earnest workers in the Ladies' Hospital Aid Societies, whose arduous efforts and tenacity of purpose made provision for the entertainment of more than 1,000 guests. On the reception committee were Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Loughheed, Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Herdman; while Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Houlton and Mrs. Adams looked after the tea and coffee. Everything necessary in linen was donated.

Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Markle received the linen donations. Many of the Girls' Hospital Aid Society were present, and their assistance was much appreciated. Some of those who gave their kindest help were: Miss Burns, the Misses Ings, Miss Findlay, Miss Griffiths, Miss Lilly and others.

The fourth annual ball given by the Order of Railroad Conductors in Sherman's Hall on Thursday night was a very delightful affair. Much credit is due to the managing committee, consisting of J. E. Tennant, D. McNeill, L. C. Orr, M. Heffernan, J. Chamberlain, J. Norris, G. Raby and J. R. Dalton. The decorations upon the walls of the dance hall were prettily decorated. In these emblematic colors was the crest of the society, with the letters O.R.C. standing out in bold relief. Bagley's orchestra in full strength provided excellent music, and the night supper was so palatable that even the most fastidious could not refrain from enjoying the many tempting dishes. The beautiful costumes worn by the ladies merit much encomium, but to describe each would be utterly impossible. Only a few are: Mrs. Tennant, handsome in black sequins over taffeta; Mrs. Brocklebank looked lovely in pale pink silk with pretty lace and applique; Mrs. Cotter, attractively clad in pale blue silk, with pretty touches of net and lace; Mrs. Dalton, stately in black corded silk and applique trimmings; Mrs. Pengelly, pretty in princess gown of cream crepe de chine; Mrs. Bilton, very lovely in cream cologne; Mrs. Caesar, in rich black silk; Miss Bothwell, in lovely yellow satin; Mrs. Orr, pretty silk mull with touches of satin; Mrs. W. Magee, beautiful gown in rich pearl grey silk with seed pearl trimmings.

Mr. Harry Alexander and bride have returned to Calgary from an extended trip to the E. I.

Mr. A. W. Markley, who has been spending a month with friends in Ontario, returned on Monday.

The climax to a brilliant and busy week was the delightful dance given last Friday evening at the R.N.W.M.P. Barracks. The guests assembled shortly before nine o'clock and very soon afterwards they were tripping about the ball-room to the rhythmic measures of the waltz and two-step, the glitter of the many brilliant uniforms as a foil to many strikingly lovely gowns making the scene one of exceptional charm and interest.

STARLAND.

The splendid weather we have been enjoying has enabled large crowds to attend the last changes of programme at this popular little house. The two Biograph feature films were much appreciated. The first, "With Her Card," is a drama of Wall Street, which takes us right into the heart of that wonderful business section. A comic opera star has two suitors, both of whom are stock-brokers. Larkin's affection is genuine, but Churchill, her favorite, soon jilts her for a young society belle. She appeals to Larkin to ruin the faithless one, promising her hand in marriage as a reward. As Churchill's holdings are in the open market, it is possible to do this, and in two days the young lady finds that her victim is bereft not only of his wealth, but also of his fiancée and all his friends. More than satisfied, she begs Larkin to return the holdings with her card, and having done so, gives her heart and hand to the delighted lover. "Nursing a Viper" is a marvellous drama treating with the French Revolution. An aristocrat fleeing from the mob takes refuge in a republican household and eludes his pursuers in the disguise of a servant. He has not long been established before he commences love towards his hostess. His designs are discovered, and the enraged husband forces him to resume his former garb and then hands him to the mob, who give him full justice. Selig's great war picture, "Custer's Last Stand," caused a great sensation. Rain-in-the-Face, the leader of the Sioux rebellion, had an old grudge against Custer, so when he learned that the latter was to lead the opposition force, he determined a terrible revenge. The party of white men were led into

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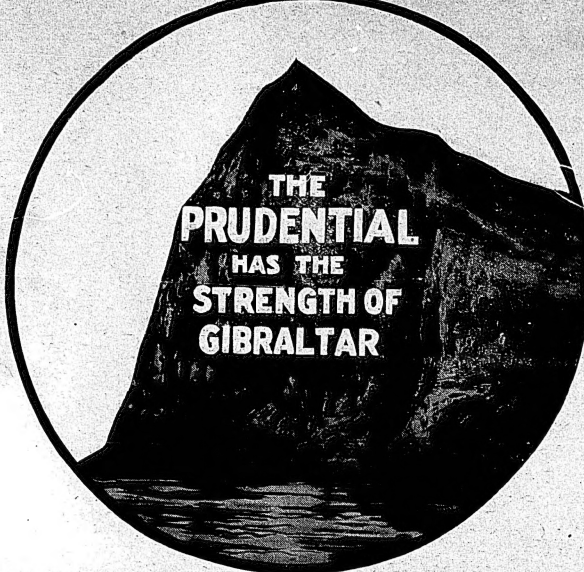
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

The Judge of the Earl Grey Dramatic Competition to be held during the first week of April, at which it is just possible the Edmonton Dramatic Club will be represented, will be Sir John Hare, the famous English actor, whose last appearance in "The Gay Lord Quex," and "A Pair of Spectacles" are outstanding memories with theatre-goers in Eastern Canada. In previous years, the judges have been brought from the United States, but His Excellency decided that he would endeavor to secure the services of some famous British actor, and after considerable correspondence a cable was received from Sir John Hare last week, who has consented to come across from London, for a week to award the trophy in the competition.

The entries are coming in and three companies have already announced their intention to compete. The Sheridan Players, of Toronto, will put on "The Money-spinner"; the London Dramatic Club are presenting "Jack Straw," and Miss Catherine Merritt, of Toronto, has put in an entry, but has not yet announced the name of the drama. In the opera competition, Mr. James Quarrington has entered a company in "Faust." Several other companies have announced their intention to compete for the dramatic or operative trophy, but have not yet sent the formal entry. About fifteen original plays and over a score of musical compositions are expected in these new competitions. Another competition has been added to the list since the first announcement was made, and a special prize will be given to the best vocal quartette singing some number, the name of which will be given out later.

On the same three evenings that "Twelfth Night" was being produced in Edmonton, it held the boards at The New Theatre, New York. The notice which the New York Sun gave the production is published, for the very obvious reason that it is of interest to those who saw the Edmonton performance, but also for the reason that it illustrates what is being done at the only theatre in America, which is being conducted, not as a money-making concern, but with the object of

tating dramatic art on this continent. The Sun says:

"Master Will Shakespeare had his second inning at the New Theatre last evening, and fared vastly better than in his first. Indeed so much better than in his first. Indeed, so much success accompanied last evening's performance that it seems rather a pity that the management saw fit to open the theatre with 'Antony and Cleopatra' rather than with 'Twelfth Night.' Not that the wide spaces of the New Theatre are better adapted to comedy than tragedy—the contrary being, in fact, the case—but that to fail in comedy may be merely comic, while to fail in tragedy is—well, tragic.

"It is not strange that 'Twelfth Night' has remained through all the three centuries since it was first enacted the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies, nor that it still occupies that position. The spirit of good-humored mirth which animates it is a spirit always old and always young. It is a spirit of no time or place but of all time and all places. Shallow pretension and pomposity are now as fair marks for the wit and the humorist as ever they were, and the love of poetry is not dead, though all the poets may be.

"And if 'Twelfth Night' contained no poetry at all but its marvelous ballads it would still be worth while, for there is only one:

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear: your true love's coming.
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Your news and I in lovers' meeting.
Every wise man's son doth know.

"Nor has anybody ever duplicated:

Then come and kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry came pretty near to spoiling American audiences for 'Twelfth Night' by the magnificence of their general production and the superb effectiveness of their respective impersonations of Malvolio and Viola. But though the memory of their achievements may perhaps for the older generation rob subsequent performances of much of their effect, that is no reason for keeping this comedy off the stage and the New Theatre has done well and properly to produce it.

"Mr. Louis Calvert, himself an excellent actor and thoroughly versed in the best of the older traditions of the English stage, is responsible for the staging of the present version of the comedy. On the whole he has done his work excellently. A pleasant spirit of mirth pervades the whole performance, probably just the spirit its author intended for it and perhaps the same that enveloped it on that far-away evening when it was first produced in the Middle Temple in January, 1601. It was the spirit of the Christmas revels, and perhaps that is

why Shakespeare gave it its generally informal subtitle of 'What You Will,' just as Joe Weber described one of the somewhat less famous merry-go-rounds seen some years ago at his less dignified temple of entertainment by the pleasing title of 'Fiddle-de-dee.'

"The version of the comedy used last evening was prepared with excellent judgment. Its story is clearly told and nothing essential has been eliminated. Its scenery, painted by several scenic artists, is rarely beautiful and set in a spacious mood. The greatest care has been taken with all the appointments and the costumes and the songs are for the most part set to real Elizabethan airs.

"There is no use complaining about all the old Shakespearean giants and giantesses being dead and gone or old and retired. There is still smaller profit in comparing with these old heroes those daring aspirants of the modern stage who have the courage to essay the parts in which the great have moved. After all, Shakespeare's plays are all of them worth seeing for themselves even if they are not greatly played. And it was trying and trying again and again that developed the giants. Nothing short of positive clowning can spoil 'Hamlet,' and nothing less than gross incompetence can ruin 'Twelfth Night.'

"There was no such incompetence in last evening's performance, even if there was no positive greatness. Mr. Calvert's performance as Sir Toby Belch was by far the highest achievement of the evening. He was a veritable Elizabethan figure, a genuine swaggerer but not without real courage; a drinker, a brawler, a ruffian, but all in a fine, large way that lent dignity to his heroic monkeyshines.

"He had an able assistant in the person of Ferdinand Gottschalk as Andrew Aguecheek. Mr. Gottschalk may always be counted upon for an effective performance in eccentric comedy, and he did not disappoint expectations last evening. Both he and Mr. Calvert were deliciously ludicrous both in the challenge scene and in their drinking bout in the wine cellar. Here they were well buttressed by Jacob Wendell, Jr., as the clown and by Miss Jessie Busley as Maria, and their singing of the catch 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' set the house in gales of mirth.

"At the end of this scene a new piece of business was introduced. It consisted of the return of the clown covered with a sheet and making ghostly moans which were affright Sir Toby and his fellow drinker, the clown subsequently throwing off his disguise and joining in the shouts of bibulous mirth that follow. This proved extremely effective last evening and it would not be surprising to see it repeated in forthcoming productions of the comedy.

"Indeed it is only fair to say that both as producer and actor Mr. Calvert was the chief mainstay of a performance that was on the whole creditable. It may be that in his acting he was a bit too assertive, a trifle too anxious to make points, and get things over the footlights, but that is a vice

which the architecture of the house encourages.

"In the main it was a fine, mellow, ripe impersonation. The broad comedy of the play was indeed its most effective side, for the house uproariously laughed at all the famous old scenes in which Sir Toby and Aguecheek participate.

"Oswald Yorke essayed the much desired part of Malvolio, and therein dared the lightning. The old timers in whose memories the deeds of the heroic ones of stage history still bulk large will not care much for his performance, and indeed there was little of Elizabethan quality about it.

"But it was a workmanlike performance, even if it did lack the virility and the largeness of touch that indicate the master. Mr. Sothen's impersonation of this character is the most recent one of note that American players have seen and in comparison with that Mr. Yorke's performance does not emerge with great credit.

"Matheson Lang was the Duke, and he made a manly figure and read his poetry with dignity and feeling, which is about all he has a chance to do.

"The performance emphasized the fact that it is on the distant side that the New Theatre is weakest when it comes to the performance of the classics. It was perhaps natural that Miss Anne Russell should wish to play Viola. It was also a venture whose wisdom is open to question.

"Miss Russell is an actress of skill and effectiveness within somewhat narrow limits, and she has given, and doubtless will continue to give, a large public much pleasure within those limits. But the character of Viola lies outside those limits. It requires for the proper explication of all its phases a vigor and a buoyancy of spirit which she apparently does not possess. She is above all things womanly and the assumption of boyishness is for her a tour de force.

"Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter is probably the youngest of all Olivias. It is to be sure, not the most plausible of Shakespearean characters nor the most profound," so that the shortcoming of youth and inexperience do not appear here to great disadvantage. But Olivia should be able to suggest passion successfully, at least.

"Miss Jessie Busley as Maria was all that is mischievous and sprightly, even if she was as little Shakespearean as George M. Cohan.



MISS MARJORIE GOULD

Formal announcement has been made, in New York, by Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould of the engagement of the eldest daughter, Miss Marjorie Gould, to Mr. Anthony Drexel, Jr., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia and London.

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Here and There

A cry recently went up from Iowa asking the government to begin investigations of the human race similar to those it pursues in helping the farmer to better soil, better horses, and better cows. It has been heard in Kansas, where the "A. M. U. A. C. C." at Topeka has issued a bulletin on "A Better Crop of Boys and Girls."

W. A. McKeever, professor of philosophy at that institution, calls attention to the case with which a farmer can learn from the government the best means of remedying balkiness in a horse or how to woe a recalcitrant mule back to ways of usefulness or to rear an orphan calf, but, as he truly says, "those in charge of the rearing and development of the human offspring must grope in the dark for a successful way."

Prof. McKeever wishes the government to establish a course in matrimony for prospective parents, and to obtain by careful inquiry information as to what qualities in parents promise best for their progeny. Experiences of parents might be collected just as those of farmers in rearing pigs, calves, and colts.

This proposition certainly arouses one's interest, for it certainly seems to be a question very few people know much about, even those who have gone through it. We find some people who have learned a whole lot about it who have been married once.

Others know less about it that have been married two or three times, for the scars do not seem to have struck very deep. The old gentleman who had been married several times, exclaimed: "as long as the Lord keeps taking 'em so will I."

Now as to the matter of curing some faults, no doubt some farmers could tell us a whole lot. A balky horse and a balky woman are two very aggravating things, and more or less common. The bucking mule was named Maud.

Old horse breakers tell us that it is the best horses, spoiled in their youth, that make balky horses; properly handled those would have been of the best. The experience should be of some benefit in handling balky women, and if it is the same with them as with balky horses the same cure, or an improvement in the system of training might be a good thing to know. We could bar candy and gum to begin with, then cut out talking back to mothers.

While we are busy talking this way, the women may be saying: "Huh! hear 'em, all the men are balky, i.e., with minute exceptions."

Who is going to deny this?

The courses of study will be in men as well as women. The average man might safely take the latter, because, as a rule, he knows very little about it. If I was a woman there's mighty few men I'd want to marry.

Now if the experience of parents is to be collected, to be brought up against us, where shall we get off? If this information is to be kept ready tabulated for reference, so the girls and man-laws can look at it before marriage, it appears as if there would be very few marriages. There is so much buried conveniently out of the way now, when a marriage takes place, that the average marriage makes, in reality, a very decent funeral.

If the girl does marry and has the man's record on file, to bring up against him at any time, there certainly would be ructions, especially if she was supported by him. You "sometimes" quiet the girl, but you can't quiet "maw" as she has usually had lots of practice.

Looking at it in another way it's certainly a good idea, but they'll want to skip a generation and get a fresh crop of unsophisticated youngsters, true to type and unaccompanied with our ideas. When the world, i.e., the "wise" people, become accustomed to having this sort of rogues' gallery of all of us, where anyone can get at it, possibly we may grow better; and this may be the cure the Moral Reform League is looking for, but hadn't thought of.

My men friends, you will have to be better in your youth under such conditions, and cannot wait till you are older to repent or tell the young men how to be and what to do just as if you never hadn't. A lady friend tells me there is Biblical authority for that course and she quotes:

"King David and King Solomon had many—many wives. And all their numerous wives; But when old age o'ertook them, With all its quakes and quails, Then Solomon wrote the Psalms, And David wrote the Psalms."

There's no croak like an old croak.

In regard to the live stock, their records are kept in national record

books and it costs a dollar to get in and get a number. The recorded one is then guaranteed to be better than the common herd. When it comes to our turn to be recorded shall we require a number, and then run around bragging about it? Most of us should have been recorded long ago for it's doubtful if we'd qualify now. If some of my friends read this you'll see them doing a lot of thinking, and not saying much. Some have already recorded themselves and take all the credit for being better than most of us. But, "many" are called but few chosen."

A lot of trouble in matrimony comes because some men are so mean. They are stingy about money. A wife of a rich man does not care to walk because her husband does not give her enough to pay car fare. You sometimes think some women peculiar because they won't go anywhere. The reason of this is often that they are not allowed any pocket money, the husband, perhaps, doesn't think of it; the woman becomes bitter and a bit terrier. Then perhaps bolts to a better man and the world holds up its hands in pious horror. This frequent source of trouble is little thought of by men whose duty it is to see that their better halves are made as comfortable as circumstances permit. These mean men should be entered up on the ledger with a minus mark.

When there's a row there's a reason for it.

When the recent excitement was on over the agricultural college plans and location no one seems to have thought that "matrimony" would be one of the courses. Will they have degrees, those that pass? B.M. (Bachelor of Matrimony) sounds well. An M.M. (Master of Matrimony) should be a star of considerable magnitude, but D.D. (Doctor of Matrimony) would take the cake, and should be in great request. D.M.I. (Somehow we seem to have heard that sound before.

Hand on the suggestion to Bellamy's ghost when he re-writes "Looking Backward."

If we are going to proceed along Mendelian lines, there should be nothing worse about it, for was not Mendel an Abbott of Brun, who studied the problems of heredity in the gardens of the abbey. Only recently has this been taken up again, viz., the study of science which is truth.

I am now going to wait for the course to open in Strathcona and put my name down. Strathcona may earn everlasting fame yet. Who knows? I think I hear the price of real estate going up already, but shall wait for the announcement of the faculty. Who will they be? Does any married man care?

J. C. O.

THE ROMANCE OF ROSSLAND

In 1892 Maurice Yensel, a merchant of Moscow, Idaho, sold a suit of clothes for \$60,000, writes Harold Sands in "Romance of Rossland," in the February Canadian Magazine.

Of course there is a story in that transaction, and a wonderful story it is; nothing less than the romance of Rossland and its mines. Yensel didn't get his \$60,000 down on the nail. It was five years before he received the final payment on that suit of "hand-me-downs."

Truth to tell, Yensel did not expect to get a cent for the clothes. One day an acquaintance he had known in various mining camps in the West wandered into his store in Moscow, dressed in his best and his worst. In other words the man's clothes were much the worse for wear, but they were all he had.

"Just come down from Rossland, broke," he explained to his friend the merchant, "I've got nothing except these 2,000 shares of Le Roi gold mine. Give me a suit of clothes and stake me to a meal, and they're yours."

Yensel did so and threw the certificate for the mining stock into the back of his safe. He was out a suit of clothes and "four-bits"; that was the way he figured.

By 1897 he had received in dividends and from the sale of the stock the sum of \$60,000. The great Le Roi mine, after nearly breaking the hearts of those who stood so splendidly by it in the days of adversity, had first developed into the most prominent property in British Columbia, and then had been bought by the British company headed by the late Whitaker Wright, of somewhat painful memory.

When the Americans who held the mine disposed of it to Wright for about \$1,000,000, Yensel cashed in for that suit of clothes.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS PRONOUNCED

(Continued From Page Three).

named Klore; but he spelled it Clogher.

The milliner who made a hat for my good mother had a nice shining sign over her shop that read Benthane; but I knew she called herself something else, and upon inquiry found the trick was Becton.

Gladstone's old home is spelled Hawarden, but pronounced Haden. I felt sorry for that; for I liked to think the Grand Old Man was above such things; but they all get the habit in England, it seems, for there's that other grand old man, the Earl of Wenyness, who calls himself Weems.

All in One Family

A lovely little old lady with snow white hair and a bewitching little be-ribboned cap, called herself Mrs. Rensley; but she was in truth Mrs. Wrensforsley. Her daughter was married to a fine straight English officer named Selous, and he pronounced it: Selos.

My mother was in a shooting party with me. He called himself Ryeen. A little girl with a face like an angel and the manners of half a dozen angels told me her name was Muriel Sillenger, and I asked her slyly to spell it for me. It turned out to be St. Leger. "It's a pity," I said right off. She said, "What is?" with her angel eyes upon me, and I answered with a deceptive smile, "That you don't belong to me," and she never knew I was sorry for her.

The most beautiful woman in England is Lady Pole-Carew, and do you know her Ladyship pronounces it Pool-Caryl.

I attended a house party in Surrey. There were twelve people present, and six of them had trick names. These were they: Meux, pronounced Mews; Kirkedwright, pronounced Kirkobry; Pontifrac, pronounced Pontifret; Havis, pronounced Havis; Asscough, pronounced Askew; and Waldegrave, pronounced Waulgrave.

And these are only a tenth of the strange perversions in my little black book. Now, who do the funnier things with the English tongue, the English themselves, or the denizens of the "States"?

FROM AWAY OUT ON THE PRAIRIES

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FOOLING THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS

If gloves and stockings could be made to contain air women need not have got into such a furore over the Payne Tariff Bill, and all the (metaphorical) hot air that in the course of debate went circling up and about the dome of the Capitol might have been replaced by fresh, wholesome air from abroad.

For if gloves and stockings were air-tight, the fair sex need not have feared that they would be obliged to mend their old gloves or abbreviate their lisle hosiery. Airtight gloves and hose would find a place on the free list.

It was an American chemist who first made the discovery that there were air valves in our tariff wall, and he proceeded to take advantage of it by ordering, through a commercial agent in Bohemia, a consignment of Bohemian air. The customs officials, however, didn't care any more than a life-terminer in the sulphurous pits below whether that shipment came from Bohemia or Patagonia. What they did know was this: several boxes had arrived choked full of long hollow glass tubes closed by having been melted down, and that there was a startling discrepancy between this and the bill of lading.

The importer was present when the astounding discovery was made on the boxes being opened and inspected. Then came the inquiring for the tariff.

"Sir, said the inspector, 'there has been a false declaration here. These are glass tubes. It looks to me as if I shall have to seize this shipment.'

But the importer didn't get scared worth a cent. Just as the bill of lading states, he said, 'I am importing air and air, not being scheduled, is on the free list. This air was gathered, packed and sealed in Bohemia. If the glass tubes have an intrinsic value apart from their use as containers I have nothing to do with that; but you know as well as I do that there is no duty on containers.'

The hubbub that followed was simply awful. But the verdict of the secretary of the treasury, who in the end was appealed to, was as laconic as it was final. "No duty Release goods," was his decision.

Well, that's one honest way of beating the tariff; but honest ways are about as scarce as teeth in the mouth of a chick in the shell. There are lots of near-honest ways, naturally, which soothe the conscience of law violators; but unfortunately it isn't the kind of conscience soothing that would look well when analyzed by the prosecuting attorney in a Federal court.

In Pittsburgh lived a German whom we may as well call Jake Schmitz. Jake's business was importing sheep's wool and goat's hair at the regular cost of purchase, shipments, insurance, etc., minus all tariff duties.

The part of the tariff schedule that interested Jake ran in subtraction as follows: Duty on sheep's wool, from the uncombed low and combed, four to thirty-six cents a pound; common goat's wool free. Jake imported common goat's hair only, which was famed for one thing among the Customs Officials. It was the dirtiest of all such importations, a nasty, tangled mass without beginning or end. The inspectors loathed to touch their fingers to the shapeless, ill-smelling mass. Result?—a most perfunctory inspection.

Now, Jake had a confederate in his enterprise, and he began cutting the latter's fair share of the profits too close. This co-work-

the situation to the Customs officials, and the next importation, in a vengeful mood, tipped off consigned to Jake's warehouse was literally torn apart. It was a lovely mixture of goat's hair and sheep's wool, common, preferred, and what-not.

An Indianapolis travelling salesman picked up in Montreal exactly the sort of sealskin jacket he knew his wife had for a considerable period silently longed for. About a hundred miles out of Niagara on his journey back to the States a woman wearing a sealskin coat entered the car. She would have to pay no duty, he reflected as the garment was part of her immediate wearing apparel. Directly across the aisle sat another woman, also by herself. She was young, stylishly gowned; but she was not wearing a sealskin, and a sudden inspiration came to the drummer. Why pay that atrocious, heart-breaking, purse-fattening duty? Why not—and he had crossed the aisle.

Of course she was willing to accommodate him when he had explained the little difficulty that beset him. "No trouble at all," she said. "I shall really enjoy wearing it immensely."

She was indeed as good as her word in this respect; for when the gauntlet of the Customs officials had been safely run, and Mr. Drummer turned to thank her, saying, "I shall now take my jacket, if you please," her answer was a stony stare of surprise.

"Your jacket!" she exclaimed. "I don't understand you. This jacket is mine."

And it was; for she added significantly, "You had better go along now or I shall speak to the police."

The kindly sympathetic fellow-traveller is, above all, to be guarded against by the amateur smuggler, as a certain Mrs. Wellington learned to her surprise and horror, though the outcome was a double surprise. Mrs. Wellington had purchased some lace while abroad, small in quantity, but considerable in quality.

Mrs. Wellington had a gown that had never fitted her very well; so she said. This she lined with her precious lace, and was so jubilant over her clever method of evading the Customs that she just fairly bubbled over with her secret. Among others, she told a certain Remington, "who

seemed such a dear and loving man," as she remarked to her husband later.

She passed the inspection with flying colors, and was just heaving a big sigh of relief when Remington stepped forward.

"This woman," he said, "has concealed upon her person two hundred dollars' worth of lace. I have the statement from herself. Poor Mrs. Wellington thought she would faint; the shock was so terrible and from that quarter so unexpected. There was nothing to do but pay the piper, and a pretty bill it was too."

She had left the shadow of the hateful Customs House when a voice called her name, and there was Remington hastening after her.

Her anger burst forth upon him. "How dare you speak to me, sir? You are not a gentleman! Oh, if my husband was only here!"

"Mrs. Wellington, please listen," he implored. "I dared not do otherwise than as I did. I got a thousand dollars' worth of laces through. I informed you on you take all attention from myself. I am more than willing to indemnify you for your loss."

Which would teach the Customs officials, if they only knew, that the informer may not be so disinterested as he seems, and that probably he has an axe to grind. But Customs officials are human, like the rest of us, and can't always tell gilt-edged from spurious honesty—Sunday Magazine.

AT THE OPENING

(Continued from Page 1.)

in the leader's chair. Already we know him by reputation, Mr. Bennett of Calgary, who, people do say, will add an element of interest to the deliberations of what has been up to the present for the most part a Mutual Admiration Society.

G. B. W.

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